

RvB: Holes

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Summary: Grif and Simmons dig some holes and put things in them.

RvB: Holes

The mid afternoon sun beat down on the blood red clay of the canyon. The air was stale and poignant with the stench of death and decay. Bodies littered the floor of the aptly named Blood Gulch, all of them slain in painful, paradoxical ways. A solemn mood hung over the quiet canyon's inhabitants, like a storm of sordid emotions waiting to be out poured.

"We have to clean THIS up?"

Well, sordid in the angry, yelling way to be exact. The numerous bits of white armor reflected the sun's harsh light into a very angry private's polarized visor. Private Grif was by no means a 'productive' person, seeing every job as an opportunity to do something he deemed more productive. Like sleeping...or eating...or sleep some more! His life was a joyous one when he did either of those things. However, at this moment in time, he was not happy. Not happy at all.

"Grif, you heard Sarge! These bodies are starting to stink and rot. All we have to do is bury them." Said the maroon soldier whose head was currently occupying the Warthog's side compartment. Grumbling a muted swear at nothing in particular, Grif simply grew more irritated at his 'friend's' indifference to the disturbing task before them. With a huff, both of indignation and laziness, he hopped back into the jeep they had just pulled up in.

"Simmons, how the hell are we supposed to bury every single fucking one of the these cockbites?" He yelled into the air, "We don't even have enough room to carry them back in the jeep!"

"We aren't using the jeep, Grif." Replied Simmons as he removed

himself from the Warthog's back end, returning to the side with two shovels. One of which he tossed at Grif, who in kind gave a gasp as the spade hit his jelly stomach.

He looked at the shovel with an incredulous stare, only to look back to Simmons.

"You're fucking kidding...right?" He asked, hoping the supposed smart one was this stupid.

With a sigh of not so exaggerated irritation, Simmons simply grabbed Grif by the arm and pulled him out of the jeep and over to the boulder which for so long had been home to the malfunctioning rocket launcher. He took his shovel and pointed next to the rock.

"We dig here, it should be the right place if my calculations are correct."

A grunt of indignation was the reply.

"Calculations? You mean, 'I don't know what the fuck I'm doing', don't you?"

"No, Grif," Simmons stabbed the not-quite-earth with his spade. "Just trust me, please. I don't like this anymore than you do. But orders are orders."

"Orders? You know Sarge just wanted us out of the base so he could play with his chemistry set! He never helps! Just orders us around!"

"Oh really? Is that why him and Donut were dragging dead Wyomings out of the basement?"

"Uh...yes?"

* * *

><p>"Donut, what are you doing in there?" Yelled Sarge, his armored hands holding a white arm, and a slightly less white and more red leg.<p>

A pink hand shot out from a fray of boxes holding what looked like a camera.

"Sarge, look!" The ever joyous pink private shouted.

"Damn it, Donut! What did I tell ya'? First we get rid of the dirty bastard's bodies, then we can go looking through our old junk.

"Junk?" The boy asked, perplexed at his commander's choice of words. "This stuff isn't junk. Just look at the camera! I can finally take those glam shots and send them to Pride in Uniform!"

A defeated sigh escaped the belligerent sergeants mouth.

"You know, it's gotten to a point where I just can't bring myself to be mad at you anymore. I can only question why I'm still surprised when you do this."

"Come on Sarge! It'll be fun! I'll even let you oil me up!"

* * *

><p>A tormented yell suddenly echoed throughout the canyon, bouncing off the dirt crusted walls. A startled Grif and Simmons glanced back to Red base, fully expecting a hoard of zombie Wyomings to be attacking their 'friends'. When none appeared, they turned and continued with their macabre task. Taking the arms of one Wyoming, Simmons dragged the body over to the mass grave they had just dug. With a heave, the body entered.<p>

"So, these guys are all the same, right?" Grif asked as he collected red and white hands and legs.

"Yeah. Why?" Simmons replied, going off to collect another.

"How did they get here?" He dumped the collection of limbs in the grave.

"Time travel. From what I can gather, he used the same technology that was used by us when we went to the future. The only difference is that he kept going back to the same time, making the copies appear in the same time-stream."

"Wait a minute! Wouldn't that cause a...a...Pandora?"

"Grif, you mean a paradox. And No, it wouldn't. The original is the only real one. The others are just clones."

A silence descended between the two...for a moment.

"That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard."

"That's why I'm the Science Officer and you're...actually, I'm not sure what you are?"

With a muted gag after grabbing a head, Grif replied, "I'm the Vehicle Specialist."

A mocking laugh countered, "Vehicle Specialist? Grif, do you even know what 'specialist' means?"

"Yes, I do, ass. Think about it, whenever we need to go somewhere, who drives? Me. When we came out here and tore up the Wyomings, who drove? Me. Without me, this whole fucking team would crumble!"

"No, without you, this team would actually get things done when and how they're supposed to."

"Whatever."

A few more hours of work passed. Insults prevailed as the predominant form of communication, with few actual conversations occurring. The sun still in the same place as when they started, but being a bit more aggressive in it's heat, the two were nearly finished when their comrades came over the hill. Donut, holding a stack of photos looked positively gay! Sarge on the other hand.

"Simmons, Grif, you two finished yet?"

"Just about sir!"

A heave and a ho later, the last body dropped.

"Hey, where are the rest of the bodies? That grave is too small to fit all of them." Said Donut, removing his interest from the photos.

"Look down." Said Grif.

* * *

><p>"Oh...ugh, my head...did I get shot...and buried? Why do bad things always happen to me? I was voted most likely to be alive in high school!"<p>

Captain Flowers awoke underground. The damp cave was a home away from home after the whole O'malley incident. With a bit of stiffness, he rose from his huddled state. As he looked around to ascertain where he was, he noticed a large mound of white. Curious, he moved to investigate. Then he heard a noise from above him. They sounded like voices! He looked up and saw white.

"Oh, son of a bit-"

And then he died...for good.

End
file.